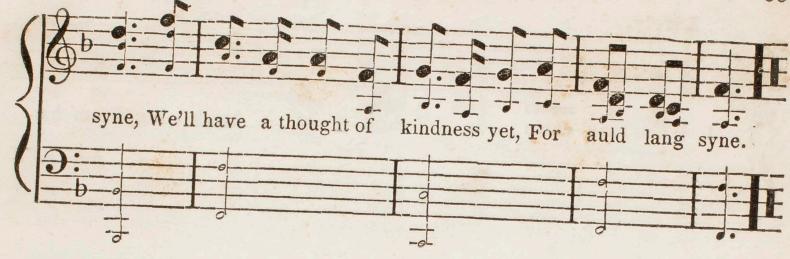
The Juvenile Singing SCHOOL, Mason Webb, -1837-JOHN DOWNES.



We oft have run about the fields,
And culled the flowers fine;
We'll ne'er forget these hours, when they
Are auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

We oft have cheered each other's task,
From morn till day's decline,
But memory's night shall never rest
Onauldlang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

Then take the hand that now is warm, Within a hand of thine;
No distant day shall lose the grasp
Of auld lang syne.

For auld lang syne, &c.

